

N.E.C.C.

3 0385 00103 5772

Parnassus

Spring
1994





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Boston Public Library

- <https://archive.org/details/parnassusinterar1994unse>

Parnassus

Inter-Arts Magazine
of
Northern Essex Community College
Haverhill, Massachusetts 01830

Spring 1994

Parnassus is the name of the mythological mountain home
of the nine muses who inspired humankind in the arts.

The policy of the editorial staff has been to select material for the magazine
democratically. We have read each work submitted and viewed all artwork. We voted to
determine eligibility: a majority vote for a piece meant publication. *Parnassus* provides an
opportunity for new artists and writers to reach others; it's a showcase of Northern Essex
Community College student creativity.



AJH

Austin J. Henderson

Parnassus

Spring 1994

cover	Brenda Buck	
cut paper	Austin J. Henderson	2
EN3121-Creative Writing	Linda Herrera	4
graphic	David Downey	5
ink drawing	Stephen La Pierre	6
For Dylan Thomas	George Thomas Powell	7
What Ever Happened to Cinderella Et Al.?	Phyllis White	8
ink drawing	Richard Wladkowski	9
cut paper	Shelly Swofford	10
ink drawing	Stephen La Pierre	11
ink drawing	Kevin Moakley	13
Let The Truth Be Told	Ronnie Doe	14
photograph	Joseph Quinn	15
poems	Tracy Geekie	16
ink drawing	Judith Oestrich	16
Queen of Diamonds	Vic Coelho	17
graphic	Nancy Alessi	18
Discards	Lydia Biersteker	19
Change	Tharah Montefusco	19
Just An Old-Fashioned Girl	Joan Patrakis	20
photograph	Elena Floudaras	21
The Persuader	Julie Hill	22
drawing	Todd Lamond	23
scratchboard	James Kenney	24
Media Noche	Ruth De LaCruz	26
Justicia	Ruth De LaCruz	26
The last flight	Ingrid Rivera	27
The Sun	Rachel Burnham	28
The big fart	Todd Lamond	28

EN3121-Creative Writing

We sit
A circle of strangers,
Striving
To know one another
Sufficiently to trust
Our fragile newborn works
To one another's tender mercies.
Eyes meet
Across the room,
Tentatively,
We assess each other.

Torn
From the familiar
Back to front to back
Rows,
Where few eyes meet,
We sit,
Somehow exposed and waiting
For someone
To begin the wary
Metamorphosis.

Under the eyes of the
Others
We dare to test
Our emerging powers
To create.
We dare to
Speak of change.
Gently,
Cautiously,
the unfolding begins.

Linda Herrera



David Downey



Stephen La Pierre

For Dylan Thomas

They said, she was the Bohemian
And he the one who pretended.
Who's to say? Maybe so—maybe not.
All we know is that it was to him
The whales, the rocks, the herons would sing.
And he would write enigmatic lines.
"He'd be a damned fool if he didn't."
Is what he said, but what did he mean?
Must we know or should we just be pleased?

He wrote well at the Boat House, they say.
His mother said that the herons would
Miss him. Who's to say? Maybe so.
For a time they might have remembered.
Lifting their heads from their watery
Quest, searching the beach for a
Familiar figure; not finding one.
Herons watched the mighty pharaohs pass,
Who's to say what herons know of passing.

They say a whale washed up on the rocks,
Over by the sunken forest,
Near Odiorne State Park, across from
The marsh where the herons feed on fish.
I went down to see (Who's to say why?),
But stopped and watched the herons instead.
They seemed so ancient, so permanent.
Who's to say what herons know of passing,
Herons watched the mighty pharaohs pass.

George Thomas Powell

What Ever Happened to Cinderella Et Al.?

Cinderella paced back and forth in her bedroom. She broke the pace by running to the window every two minutes to see if her husband had returned from his hunt in the woods.

"What kind of job is that for a grown man...hunting! Heaven knows we don't need all those fur pelts. Thinks he is the 'great white hunter' killing all those small defenseless animals. What did a raccoon or skunk ever do to him? And where was he when the wolf attacked Little Red Riding Hood? Now that would have been a 'coup de grâce' in the sport of hunting!"

Cinderella ran down the castle steps to greet her husband when she saw him approaching. She needed his horse for the rest of the afternoon. Her horse had thrown a shoe and was down at the local blacksmith's barn being fitted for a new one. There was always a problem with shoes in this family. She opened the huge, ornately carved wooden doors and called to her husband.

"Prince, here Prince, I need you."

"What do you want, my fair flower? The love of my life, the mistress of my heart, the..."

"Enough! We have been married ten years already. You can stop that nonsense talk already. How about adding something new to that litany, like 'the mother of my children'?"

"It's not my fault you haven't been able to conceive a child. I have been wanting an heir to this kingdom ever since we were wed. I can't tell you how much it disturbs me that there is no son to carry on my name."

"And I keep telling you it's those damn tights you are always wearing. They do something to your manhood. You are getting a royal paunch. Those tights would be great if you were auditioning for the male role in *Swan Lake* but all you do is hunt, for God's sake. Someday you will be

out in the woods with your huntsmen and your britches will split right up the middle and won't you be embarrassed? Wear looser clothing and maybe we will hear the pitter patter of little feet around the fortress."

"Yes, my dear, but what is it you want of me now?" The Prince was anxious to change the subject.

"I need your horse. Mine is at Smitty's in the village. I am meeting Snow White for lunch today and there isn't time to send a messenger over to her castle to tell her I can't meet her. Oh how I wish the telephone had been invented already!"

"Where are you going to meet her?"

"Goldilocks has opened a new restaurant on the other side of Little Town. I understand it is quite good. But I will have to leave right now in order to be there in time," Cinderella said hurriedly.

The Prince relinquished his horse to his wife and helped her mount the mighty steed. He was a snow white Arabian stallion whose speed was legendary in this kingdom. "Give my love to Snow and remember me to my cousin Prince," he said as Cinderella galloped away.

"Honestly," she thought, "what a family. Imagine two brothers naming each of their sons Prince Charming. Talk about ego."

As she traveled along her thoughts ran to Snow White. "Horny little bitch," she said out loud to no one. "Everyone really fell for that innocent little girl story. When her mother had died Mr. White married again so that Snow would have a strong female influence in her life. But the stepmother had her hands full with her new stepdaughter. True enough the old lady wasn't a paramount of virtue herself. Saw a lot of competition in her husband's daughter. And when Snow White went into the woods and found the house that the miners lived in, she had no idea what was in store for her. She thought the miners would be big, burly, macho men. Imagine her surprise



Richard Wladkowski



Shelley Swofford

when the seven little men marched in at supper time. . . singing, no less. Seven little men each with a strange personality. Now there's a good argument for amniocentesis. But she knew a good thing when she saw it. Free room and board and waited on hand and foot. And that story about eating a poison apple and sleeping in a coffin until the prince of her dreams showed up to kiss her and awaken her. Sure! She had to put those little men up to it. When the prince found her he was lucky it was only a kiss she wanted to wake her up!"

As she was telling this story aloud to herself the time passed rapidly and soon she approached the village and dismounted in front of Goldilocks' House of Porridge. She saw that Snow White was already there, her mount tethered to the rail. Cinderella tied her horse also and entered the quaint little shop. There was Snow White. That pretty little cape that she wore and wore for many years prior to her marriage was long gone. Now she was wearing one of her ermine tails. Cinderella had heard that she was a real "NG—Nagging Princess." She was never satisfied with what she had. Too bad the old stepmother was no longer living. The Prince might have had another job for her, and this time she wasn't to botch it.

Snow White rose when she saw her cousin-by-marriage and gave her a perfunctory kiss on each cheek. They sat down, and after cordial greetings scanned the menu.

"I understand Goldilocks has really improved her cooking skills. Twenty-six different flavors of porridge really didn't help her business any." Snow White remarked.

They decided what they wanted and gave their orders and then began to catch up on the local gossip.

Jack Sprat and his wife had finally separated after a long and tumultuous marriage.

"Have you seen what she looks like lately?" Cinderella asked. "I understand she



Stephen La Pierre

joined the 'King Henry the VIII Diet Plan' and is looking fabulous these days. I bet Jack is eating his heart out."

"Serves him right. Maybe if he wasn't so obsessed with his diet she might have had more control with hers."

"And have you heard from the Three Little Pigs lately?" Snow White asked her luncheon companion.

"Yes, they have settled on a kibbutz in Israel. You know they have GOT to be safe there!"

"That stupid wolf still huffing and puffing away. He could use a good health club to build up that old body of his."

"And what about the Nimble's son Jack B.?" countered Cinderella. "He sure isn't dealing with a full deck. Imagine, jumping over a candlestick! What is that, some new method of birth control? He's lucky he didn't set his pants on fire."

And with that last remark both women began giggling uncontrollably.

"Tell me," queried Snow White, "do you keep in touch with your wicked stepsisters and stepmother?"

"I really didn't want to have anything to do with them after the wedding," Cinderella replied. "However," she continued, "Prince insisted that we have some kind of a relationship so every once in a while I invite them to tea. I love the way they kow-tow to me. I act very haughty when I am with them and they hang onto my every word."

"Oh, I love it," Snow White said.

"And how is Prince these days?" Cinderella asked after her husband's cousin.

"He's fine and I know that he rides through the forest every day. I think that he's looking for other damsels in distress. Believe me, he's not going to find any. You only read about that in storybooks."

"My Prince hunts all day. You would think he would find another hobby. Every morning he goes off into the woods with all the fanfare that is normally saved for an important fox hunt. Every night he returns with these scrawny little animals that have never even had a fighting chance at living. But at least it got his mind off that foot fetish he had!"

The food came and was eaten with relish. For dessert they went next door to the pie shop and each bought a small pie for a penny. Their friend Simple Simon was there bemoaning the fact that he didn't have any money and was very hungry so they bought him a pie also. "He could get a job at Old MacDonald's Farm milking cows and he wouldn't always be so destitute," Snow White remarked.

"That's why they call him 'Simple.'" Cinderella answered.

After they ate their desserts, they chatted awhile and then mounted their horses and went back to their respective castles.

And Snow White called out to Cinderella as they parted company, "Now, you live happily ever after, you hear!"

And Cinderella called back, "You, too."

And they did...because, as you know, this story is only a fantasy.

Phyllis White



Kevin Moakley

Let The Truth Be Told

Life is like a criminal.
Its whereabouts unknown.
It can surface in a prison,
Or call you on the phone.

And love is an attachment,
But it's just a broken part.
Where our false emotions
Come straight from the heart.

We're preachers in the daytime,
And adulterers at night.
Blood-sucking lip servers,
A bunch of parasites.

We're impostors of the universe,
Masqueraders of the soul.
Can we stop this pretense,
And let the truth be told?

Because we are all but sinners,
Hypocrites just the same.
And like a human finger
We point to place the blame.

But this life is like a cage,
It's a crib in which we cry.
It's like an empty stage,
Where we live before we die.

But death, it is so final.
It's the point of no return.
Is your spirit bound for heaven?
Or will it have to burn?

Because we are but sinners,
Pretending to do well.
But we're hanging by a thread
Above the depths of hell.¹

Ronnie Doe

¹ "Sinners of an Angry God"
by Jonathan Edwards





Joseph Quinn

Two poems by Tracy Geekie

The fields sway golden arms
all around me—
and the sky, blue,
bluer still in my mind.

There, all about me
crows, gathering—
and I, alone in this
wheatfield, crumple
to the ground
unable to find
the Van Gogh inside me.

Scattered across the table
in front of me—
a puzzle.
Unorganized
like an abstract.

I stare at it
feeling incomplete
wanting it to
complete itself.
Hating it.



Judith Oestrich

Queen of Diamonds

Breakfast had been served at eight-thirty and even with a slight breeze, the morning air was warmer now. We had been sitting on the balcony for nearly three hours. Tom kept pacing back and forth, stopping every now and then to glance at the phone that was carefully positioned on a small table between two wicker chairs. He tried to sit but was too agitated. He continued his pacing, his muscular body naked, except for a skimpy blue swimsuit, the kind that most males couldn't or wouldn't wear. Margo sat closest to me, fumbling with an emerald and diamond ring much too large for her finger, making her graceful hand appear overdone and common. Much of her hair was tucked under the high collar of her robe and every so often she would pull the lapels together and shiver. She reached out several times to grasp her husband's hand in a gesture of love and concern as he passed by her. He leaned over and kissed the top of her head, lingering, as though in need of rest and reassurance.

The phone rang and Tom stood steadfast like a legendary warrior called to arms. Margo went back to fumbling with her ring. The quintessence of the stones emitted sparks of colored sunlight upon her head. The butler entered the palladium opening which connected the main house to the atrium. Without saying a word, he nodded that the call was for Tom. Tom rubbed his palms together, took a deep breath, and answered the call. As he intently listened, his expression of worry and discontent was replaced with a boyish grin. He touched himself, rubbing his chest and shoulder, as though involved in a conversation of passion and lust. Margo sat mournful, staring at the balcony floor. The call ended without Tom saying a single word. Margo stood, pushing her chair back abruptly, her head still downward. Tom came to his wife of three years and gently separating the lapels of her robe, kissed her neck and lips. He

drew her close to him, telling her he'd only be gone a couple of months. She sat again, repositioning her robe. Tom put his hand on my shoulder in a parting gesture of friendship. Stooping down beside Margo, he asked her if she was sure she did not want to go with him. Without a word or looking at him, she nodded and he left us. Margo began toying with a teaspoon. The tapping of the spoon against the fine china sounded like the ringing of a small shelf clock with its face mounted in ornate porcelain. She sat there, silent and unmoved.

As the Baby Rolls sped down the long driveway, our silence was disturbed by another call. Again the butler appeared and, bringing the phone from the small table, told Margo the call was for her. He warmed our coffee, tidied up around us, and excused himself. Margo conversed with the caller quietly.

The Baynes-Fairchild promotion now belonged to Tom. He had given the last nine months of his life to the deal, not once ever compromising his health or his marriage. He knew he would make millions, so did Margo. Yet Margo also knew she was tired. The last nine months had been very taxing on her. She wanted a break from traveling the world with her husband. She wanted children, to be in her own kitchen, to work in her studio and have her husband near by. But she also knew what she consented to when she signed her pre-nuptial agreement. She reminded herself that the first five years of their marriage were dedicated to professional aspirations. Only after this time would they begin raising a family. Margo had become impatient, distant, and unfamiliar.

She hung up the phone, resting her limp hand on it. She ran her fingers through her hair, pulling it back away from her face and brow. She told me that Craig had extra time today for her tennis lesson and that she'd call him back if she agreed to meet him.

She leaned close to me and, in a whisper, told me how Craig was so attentive, so sweet, so virile. She giggled like a school girl about to go on her first date. I questioned his intentions, then hers. She pulled away from me, moving to the other side of her chair. She stared beyond the pool, court-yard and gardens. Beyond the trimmed shrubs and stone wall of the estate, her dreamful gaze took her to a place of secrets. She was lost in visions meant only for her inner self to see. She told me that Tom was everything any woman could want in a man. Not once could she ever remember fearing him. Yet, she felt compelled toward something she couldn't explain. I reminded Margo she had everything and there was nothing hidden or mysterious in her marriage to Tom. He loved her, they were best

friends and he was genuine. I told her I couldn't understand how she would risk everything for a few fleeting moments of passion. I suggested she go to Tom and that he needed her with him. I pleaded with her to take the next flight to Zurich before any indiscretion was committed. She rubbed the back of her neck as I tried to point out that by calling Craig, the consequences were inevitable. She took my hand and told me she realized that. She said that I was a good friend and she loved me as such. She loved Tom. She loved him more than anything on the face of the earth. Margo looked at me with eyes of glass. The sun caught the streak of a single tear running down her cheek, a last glimmer of hope in preventing the impending disaster.

Margo sobbed, released my hand and reached for the phone.

Vic Coelho



Nancy Alessi



Discards

The tangly haired Barbie doll
lies in the bin
next to the Matchbox
with wheels that don't spin.
Hundreds of Legos
litter the floor,
they've long been abandoned
since home from the store.
Teddy's all tattered
and missing one eye;
the tag on his paw hints
that he is soft ply.

Mom picks through the toys
while her little child naps
and thinks of old friends
and the years that have lapsed.
She weeps for the toys
on the cold playroom floor
and the discarded people
she longs for once more.

Lydia Biersteker

Change

the tree
stands tall and militant-like
protected with color
guarding itself
with a suit of armor
that nothing penetrates

the tree
stands alone
uncovered vulnerability
its naked limbs
expose themselves
awakening
Winter's Arrival

Tharah Montefusco

Just An Old-Fashioned Girl

I knew from the first moment I saw her we could never be friends. It wasn't anything she said. It was just the way she burst onto the scene like some glamorous MTV star, driving that pink Camaro, with her long blonde hair and designer shades wildly broadcasting to the world that she was a woman of the '90s.

It's not that I'm envious of her good looks—her long thick lashes, high cheekbones and those painted lips that recite, "Look at me! I'm so pretty!"

I could never be jealous of her Dolly Parton physique or her "Wilt the Stilt" long legs. She can show them off all she wants to her high-fashion wardrobe designed for every occasion from sunbathing to schussing.

Who cares if she has her own boat, a camper and house in Malibu? So what if she has a hunky boyfriend who goes everywhere with her, dressed in coordinated outfits?

You're just a fad, Barbie-baby! You're just a passing little cutesy who is trying to wriggle your way into my territory. Well, I'm here to tell you it will never happen!

I was here long before your curves were conceived, long before you ever heard the sound of a cash register. Mothers, grandmothers and their mothers' mothers chose me to play with their little girls. I'm the favored one here! Me with the stringy red hair fluffed around my innocent face. Me with the black button eyes and the perpetual sweet smile. I don't own a bikini, but this flowered old dirndl with the white apron and horizontal-striped tights never fails to win somebody's heart.

This is my space! Right here on this shelf beside Raggedy Andy, Winnie the Pooh, Betsy-Wetsy and all the other old-time favorites is where I will stay! There's no room here for you, Barbie-honey, so pack up your luxury camper and beat it back to Mattel! And take that loquacious boyfriend with you!

Joan Patrakis



Elena Floudaras

The Persuader

I'd been workin' at the Shipyard close near twenty-seven years and had ten more to go before Uncle Sam gave me my pension. Me and Al had been workin' together for two years straight and we made a damn good team. Things had been going along great that way and then one day they dropped a bomb on me. Hell, leave it to the government to screw up a good thing. They was takin' away the best partner a guy could ask for and was forcin' me to work with a girl! Go figure. The first thing I did was get my ass to the union office damn quick. I told them right out there ain't no way I was pipefittin' with no girl. They said there wasn't nothin' they could do for me. The chief union steward, Bob, pulled me aside and said if I tried to make her life hell she might ask to go with a new partner.

My boss, Jack, brought her down with him when he came. I'd already bitched to him about it. He said there wasn't nothing he could do either. She was a regular girl, bout thirty, nothin' special. See I was in Building 299 where all the pure water went through for the sub's nuclear steamin'. I was the man in charge there and I had a good system and I didn't need no woman screwin' it up. They told me this girl was goin' to train with me for six weeks. Yeh, I'd give her some trainin' all right.

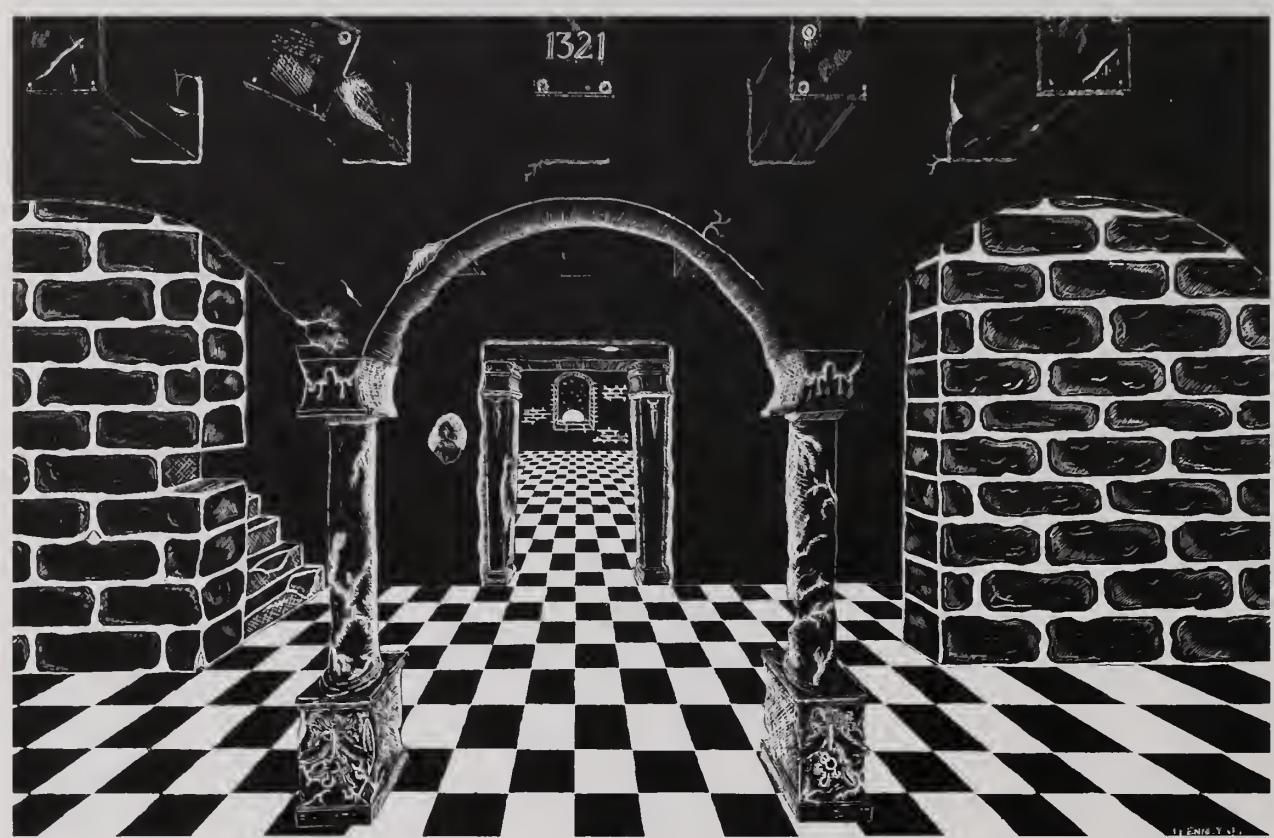
The first thing I did when Jack left was let her know where I stood. I told her women didn't have no business bein' on the shipyard. I wouldn't let my wife work there and I didn't want to work with her or any other woman and the only reason I was doin' it was because I had to. I was waitin' for her to get all bitchy or something but she looked me right in the face and said, "Well Ray, now that you told me how you feel, either look for a transfer or let's get to work." Could you believe she had the balls to say that to me? I'd been in charge of that place for ten years and she was tellin' me to think about a transfer! That missy was goin' to be in for a big surprise.

The next time the boat called for steam I made Sarah go. She had to go out on the pier and crank open a sixteen inch steam valve. Usually me and Al did this together, but I sent Sarah alone instead. She wanted to be a pipefitter, she could do a real man's job. Hell, she was gettin' the same pay. It was ass bitin' cold out there with that wind blowin' off the ocean. I was real glad I was stayin' inside. The middle of winter was really tough bein' out there right over the water. I'd really cranked hard on that valve when I closed it so she'd be out there all day or have to come back and ask for help. Another thing was because you was lettin' through 600 pounds of steam into cold pipes you had to go real slow when you opened the valve or else the whole pipin' would shake apart. I didn't tell her that. I figured if she messed up bad maybe they'd put her someplace else and things would get back regular again.

I could see her from the second floor of the building. Just like I thought, there was no way she could get that damn valve open. I watched her tug and pull with all she got but that valve wouldn't budge. I had a laugh with myself. I was thinkin' whose idea was it for girls bein' there doin' that stuff. I was waitin' for her to show up any minute cryin' and beggin' me for help. I saw her leave and just sat there pretendin' like I hadn't seen a thing and I was waitin' and waitin' but she didn't show. I looked out again and what the hell did I see but that woman with a four footer, that's a pipe wrench that's four feet long in one hand and a two foot sledge hammer in the other. Christ, I couldn't see how she could carry the damn things, never mind use'm. Sure enough she latched that wrench onto that valve and started bangin' the shit out of the four footer. I could see it was startin' to budge so she stopped a bit. Hell, she even knew if she let the steam bleed through real slow the pressure would be equal with the other side and the valve would open easier.



Todd Lamond



James Kenney

I guess she'd been out there a good two hours before she finally got the valve all open. When she came in she just looked at me with them big blue peepers of hers, all watery from the cold and didn't say nothin' but, "It's freezing out there!" in a real matter of fact kinda way. No complainin' or whinin' or nothin'. I felt kinda bad about how I'd made her go out there all alone. I probably wouldn't never have done that to Al. I made her some coffee to get her warmed some.

After Sarah bein' there a while there was more about her that surprised me. She knew lots about pipefittin' and turned out to be a real worker. That woman never stopped. She was always fixin' or replacin' stuff. I wasn't used to that cause most days me and Al just sat around drinkin' coffee and playin' cards. We didn't work less somethin' was broke or we got called out on a job, but now I couldn't let that girl show me up so I kept workin' right aside her.

I even taught her a few tricks of my own, like about the persuader. That was when you had a really stuck fittin' that you just couldn't loosen. You put your pipe wrench on the fittin' and would slip a three or four foot length of steel pipe over your wrench to give you the extra leverage you needed to persuade the fittin' to loosen up. I figured that was a good thing for Sarah to know. Bein' a woman and all she wasn't as strong as us men.

I wouldn't never tell no one but after a few weeks I started likin' workin' with Sarah better than Al. When me and her worked we talked about everythin' under the sun. Hell, I told her stuff about me I never told no one. I didn't never have a girl as a friend before and I kinda liked it.

Before I knew it Sarah's six weeks was up. I made her a special lunch on her last day. I cooked her up some moose meat burgers from the moose I shot in the fall. My wife wouldn't even cook the damn stuff never mind eat it, but Sarah thought it was the best burger she ever had. Soon as we ate I helped her pack her tools. When it was time to leave she said, "Thanks for everything, Ray, it's been a real pleasure." I didn't know what to say except good-bye and off she went. Right when she left, the place seemed real empty and I knew I was gonna miss workin' with her.

The next mornin' Al was all happy to be back at his old station. I tried to act happy too, but in my gut I was real sad. Al was all fired up rantin' and ravin' about havin' to leave his job for six weeks when he looked at me and said, "Can you believe they took me out of here for a woman? Pipefittin' ain't no job for a woman, they got no business bein' here, you know what I mean? That's man's work, right partner?"

I couldn't look him in the face when I answered, "Right partner."

Julie Hill

Two poems by Ruth De LaCruz

Media Noche

Era un puerto sin barcos, una bahía sin orillas.
Arrivé a la media noche y comenzé un nuevo día.
Fue un hermoso amanecer con nuevas fuerzas y fe.
Regesé a lo nuevo y viejo; comenzaron mis alegrías y sufrimientos.
Pensé en el pasado; me esperanzé en el futuro y escuche un susurro.
¿Qué he de esperar del presente, qué puedo anhelar del futuro?
¿Aceptaciones, sonrisas, críticas, besos, abrazos, o hipocresías?
Creo querer algo más y sé que lo puedo lograr.
Quiero la mano amiga de alguien que quiera y pueda Rescatar mi alma en pena.

Justicia

Caminé por la vedera que me condujo a la madurez. Me encontré contigo como con muchos me encontré. Escuchando siempre hablar de ti, misteriosa te sentí. Por ti, por ti mi gente sufre; dejandolo todo atrás pensando un futuro mejor encontrar. Cual tristeza tan grande al su certeza fallar.
Señora justicia, ¿dónde estas?
Cuando el niño ya no rie más, cuando el anciano se cansa de luchar, cuando el joven su futuro ve nublar
Nada más te oigo mencionar, conocerte quiero ya...
¿Quién nos podría presentar?

The last flight

The elevator broken again
Although three staircases down,
it seems an eternity.
I am frightened.
I open the grey, dingy, hallway door
to gloomy, chaotic, graffiti walls.
Slowly I creep down each step.
I walk very softly.

I hear familiar sounds of
whispers up near the rooftop.
Other times silence;
which is worse.

A drop of panic perspiration,
travels down the middle of my back.
The smell of stale urine hits me,
Mixing with foul clouds,
of crack fumes from above.

I turn the corner
to the last flight.
My stomach rumbles,
with fear and disgust.
The rumors I've heard—
of rape and robbery,
men lingering about—
race through my mind.

A door slams upstairs.
I panic.
I jump.
I lunge to the last step,
forcing the door open.
Escape.
I'm out.
It's over.

Ingrid Rivera

The Sun

The sun warmed me this morning

the radio rang loud
Echoing through the barren villa
While
Outside, the winds swept callous
Howling through the valley way

Regaining consciousness,
I could taste
The sticky dryness of my mouth
Feel
The tightness of my torso

Eyes fluttered
With the new day's light

Mind revived just moments
Became flooded with reflections of;

"What's to do today"
Then longed for its prior contented slumber.

Rachel Burnham

The big fart

The Earth eats all of man's pollution;
It gets into the clouds,
It gets into the water,
Polluting our atmosphere.
Then it comes out in all sorts of gases,
stinking the air around us.
Then we say who passed the gas.

Todd Lamond

Staff:

Linda E. Herrera
Lisa Page
Deborah Parisi
George Thomas Powell

Faculty Advisor:

Cathy Sanderson

All text and layout for this issue of *Parnassus* was accomplished on a Macintosh Computer and imaged on a LaserWriter Printer by Laurel Obert.

Font: Bookman and Tiffany
Point Size: 10

**Northern Essex Community College
Haverhill, Massachusetts 01830**